

# HONEST JOHN.

## I.

WHAT a pother is here 'bout the *Attingham Lad*,  
To change our old Member, I'm fure would be bad;  
No, we'll keep *Honest John*, if it is his good will,  
Nobody can fay he has e'er us'd us ill.

*No Nobody, &c.*

## II.

We'll not have the *Attingham Lad* for our Guide,  
He was fam'd *until late*, for his Satire and Pride;  
But blunt *Honest John*, he was *ever* the same,  
To Nobody e'er, has he look'd with disdain.

*No Nobody, &c.*

## III.

In fuch ticklish times, my brave Boys d'ye see,  
'Twould be Madness and Folly in no small degree;  
To elect a mere Boy, and kick out our *Old Friend*,  
Nobody I'm fure fuch Advice can commend.

*No Nobody, &c.*

## IV.

Our great Lords, and fine Squires shan't govern the Town,  
For all they so Bluster, Cringe, Flatter and Frown.  
We are *Freemen* by right, and we'll shew what's our will,  
Nobody shall make us forsake our *John Hill*.

*No Nobody, &c.*

## V.

We've got two good Members, of whom we may boast,  
So my Lads fill bumpers, let this be the toast;  
Success to *John Hill*, and wife *Pulteney* the just,  
Nobody can fay, that the've e'er broke their trust.

*No Nobody, &c.*